

ALICE KIP FOUND COLOR LINE EASY TO CROSS, "SAMPLE SWEETIE" SAYS

Many of Her Race Seeking Solution of Puzzling Problem

By WARREN PAPPINEAU
(Alice Kip Rhinelander's Sample Sweetheart)

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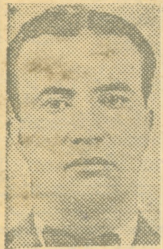
The color line! Impregnable barrier dividing the white race from the black, a wall which none may cross?

No!

Scientific observers, students of a complex modern civilization, melting pot of a myriad of racial groups have long realized that those in whom the negro strain is weak, who possess perhaps an eighth or less of black blood, tend to cross the color line and become one with the whites.

Often, perhaps more often than not, their voluntary "change of race" escapes detection. Sometimes, as in the case of Alice Kip Rhinelander, they are found out.

In today's article, the last of a



W. Pappineau

Bagged by Colored Girl



LEONARD KIP RHINELANDER

series, Warren Pappineau, Alice Jones's (Mrs. Alice Kip Rhinelander) Sample Sweetheart, gives Alice's reasons for crossing this color line and explains the motives which guide others of her race to take the same step.

Where did Alice Jones secure the tenacity of purpose, the desperate wit, which enabled her to win the wealthy Leonard Kip Rhinelander?

Significant Remarks

Out of what hidden storehouse of resolution did this illiterate girl, in whose veins pulsed blood of mingled white and black, draw the power which enabled her to master the fate which had apparently doomed her to the life of a menial?

I am a detective. Hence my mind is a deductive one. Upon this fact and my long and intimate acquaintanceship with Alice I stand in the series of revelations I am about to make—revelations which expose not only the inward workings of the mind of this strange woman, but of the minds of those of her race who are not wholly black.

And these, scientists tell us, are increasing rapidly in these United States.

Once the shock of the realization that the girl I had so greatly loved, a girl whose passion at times threatened the very success of my course in detective work itself, was of negro blood had passed I began to think, and in the thinking remembered remarks of my summer sweetheart took on a new significance.

I recalled one casual conversation in which Alice described to me the picturesque life of Harlem which she had seen while sight-seeing.

In the course of this talk we came, naturally enough, to a discussion of the position occupied in society by the mulatto, the octoroon—the person of negro blood in whom the black strain was nevertheless so slight as to pass unnoticed were one not familiar with the circumstances. As, indeed, in Alice's own case!

Puzzling Problem

Alice expressed great sympathy for these folk, and, although I was blind at the time to the implications of this, showed an unusual knowledge of their problems and their points of view.

"But, look here, Hubby," she said, argumentatively, "of course I don't believe in mingling with negroes, or anything like that."

"But just the same I feel sorry for those poor boys and girls who are neither black nor white."

"Most of the time they are looked down upon a little even by members of their own race or the race with which they are doomed to associate."

"And of course they can't live

with the whites—at least when the whites know that the black blood is in them.

Many Are Clever

"Some of them are clever people—artists, writers, university trained men and women."

"They know that if they remain true to their own racial group they can perhaps hope only for a job running an elevator, if they are men, or sweeping the floors, if they are women."

"So they think: 'I look white, why can't I be white?'"

"And sometimes they try it—and get away with it!"

Of course I have not quoted Alice exactly—she was not at her best when expressing a somewhat complex idea in English—but that is what she attempted to say.

Fault Not Alice's

And I think that when you understand the attitude of mind which prompted her speech you will understand not only Alice, but those of her race, who constitute, in the words of the scientists, "America's greatest problem."

Much as Alice is to be criticized, I do not think she is altogether to blame for the conditions which permitted her negro father to wed a white woman.

Which produced Alice herself—doomed to the status of a black, and yet longing to be considered white—longing vaguely but fiercely.

Passed for White

Is it any wonder then that this woman, almost white—so white that she passed readily through at least three affairs with white men as a "Spanish belle"—grasped at her opportunity to put behind her forever the possibility of a life spent in servitude?

For even if she does not regain Kip, Alice has money now—and money will take one to France, where the color line is not drawn as strictly.

No one deplores more than I the



George Jones



Mrs. Geo. Jones

whole phenomenon of miscegenation, particularly as a result of my own experience.

And yet I can understand, too, the psychology of the "almost white" negro.

I can understand even black Booker T. Washington, the negro

Alice at the Garden Gate



HERE'S A PHOTO of young Mrs. Rhinelander taken long before she became acquainted with the young aristocrat who later married her. It was a picture like this she sent to Warren Pappineau, the "sample sweetheart" she made love to in the Adirondacks before she left for

educator, mourning because in the South he was forced to use an elevator marked "freight."

I can understand the passionate protests of men like Dubois (who is almost white), the baffling feeling which must have angered the negro musicians, writers, students who realized that never might they be accepted upon their merits as men.

Possibility of Escape

And I can see how men—or women—who saw a possibility in blanching skins of escaping from this walled circle—of crossing the

color line—might easily take it. I can see, and I do not blame them.

The whole question is one the solution of which is far beyond my own poor powers. It is a question which stares New York in the face from the borderlands of Harlem's black belt, waiting for an answer.

And if my story does but a little toward arousing an interest among the people in this problem—an interest which may eventually lead to an intelligent and merciful solution—I shall feel that I have accomplished much.

(THE END)

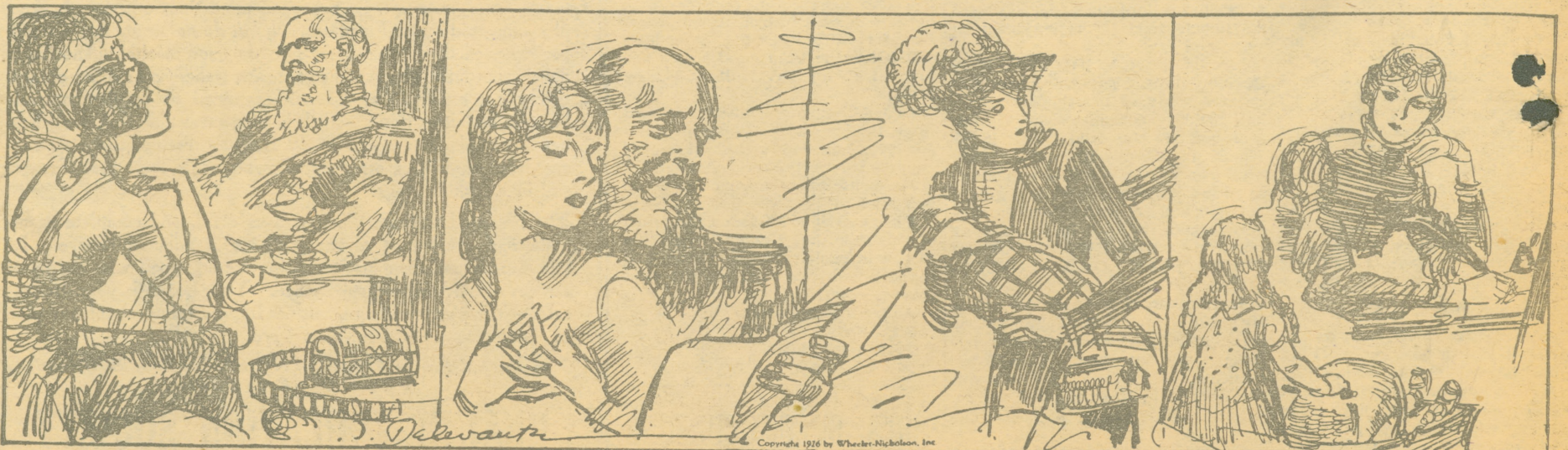
No. 70—Vivian's Mother ADVENTURES OF VIVIAN VANITY

Story by Ruth Jane Williams

Picturized by S. Delevante

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SYNOPSIS—With papers from the casket stolen from Vivian, Marguerite poses as Princess of Midonia. She abducts Vivian and imprisons her over a den of reptiles. Natalie rescues Vivian and faces Marguerite. Norman regains Vivian's casket and Prince Karl learns of Vivian. Marguerite is taken and Karl calls Vivian "daughter."



Prince Karl saw Vivian's bewilderment, "You are the real princess and my daughter," he told her.

Taking the papers from Vivian's casket, he opened them. They had been written by Vivian's mother.

She had been forced to flee with her baby girl, she wrote, by an unscrupulous minister of state.

And wrote this document just before her death in New York, to testify to Vivian's heritage.